first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamētable thing graundsir, that we should be thus afflicted with these straunge flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your French slop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly last night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours, constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Ro. A most curtuous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, soly singular.

Ro. O

Ro. O single soled ieast, solie sing

Mer. Come betweene vs good

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and sp

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the
For thou hast more of the wildgoo
am sure I haue in my whole siue.
goose?

Ro. Thou wast neuer with me fo
not there for thy goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear

Rom. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter swee

Rom. And is it not then well ser

Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheue
ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I stretch it out for that word
goose, proues thee farre and wide a

Mer. Why is not this better now
art thou sociable, now art thou *Ro*
art, by art as well as by nature, fo
great naturall that runs lolling vp a
in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue m

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd; I wo
was come to the whole depth of my
occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heeres goodly geare.
A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two two, a shert and a sm

Nur. *Peter*:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her fa

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Ge

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.